

# THE LIGUORIAN



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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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OCTOBER, 1925

No. 10

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## **Mater Dulcis Memoriae**

Mary, thy name through Heaven rings,  
Enshrined beside the King of kings,  
Each cherub praise adoring sings,  
To thee my heart confiding clings.

One only Name this earth has known  
More dear, more mighty than thine own,  
Yet Jesus takes no heart for throne,  
Where love of Mary is unknown.

Let poets paint in words that glow,  
Thy titles fitting praise to show,  
Yet none can tell the joys that flow  
To those who thee as Mother know.

Nor is thy love in Heaven pent  
But to the poor of earth is lent.  
Dear Advocate, thy might is spent  
In leading home the penitent.

My heart unceasing shall proclaim  
Mary my treasure, hope and fame.  
O Mother, grant my lips may frame  
With life's last breath, thy Sweetest Name.

—J. R. Melvin, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### MAKING A SAINT

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Taking out pad and pencil, the reporter, with characteristic directness, went straight to business.

"Very kind of you, Father Casey, to give me this interview," he said. "The public is interested in the news items from Rome about all these new saints. I'm getting ready a story for the Sunday edition. You can give me just the information I want. First of all, how does the Pope make saints?"

"He doesn't."

"Why Father," the reporter expostulated, "don't you read the Roman dispatches?"

"I do not need to read dispatches to know the Pope doesn't make saints—because he can't."

"What! The Pope can't make saints?"

"No. Saints make themselves by corresponding with the extraordinary light and help which God offers them. And so the Pope cannot make saints. He can make a saint of himself, if God gives him the grace and he corresponds with it. A great many of the Popes have actually done so. The first Pope, Peter, made a saint of himself. So too did all his immediate successors for five centuries. But the Pope cannot make a saint of anybody else."

"But this Little Flower and Joan of Arc and Father Jogues—surely you will admit the Pope made them saints."

"Will you admit," queried the priest, "that Christopher Columbus made America?"

"No, certainly not."

"Then what did he do?"

"He got proof that such a place existed, and then he told the world about it."

"Precisely," cried the priest. "Now that is just what the Pope does. He gets proof that a certain person is a saint, and he tells the world about it. There are two steps in the process: beatification and canonization. In the decree of beatification he tells the world that there is solid reason to believe that the man in question is a saint and



that therefore he *may* be honored and invoked. In the decree of canonization he tells the world that there is certain proof—absolute proof—that the man in question is a saint, and that therefore he *must* be honored and invoked."

"Oh," murmured the reporter. And he looked off into space searching for the vanished thread of his "story".

Suddenly he caught it. Tearing off a page and slapping the pad on his knee. "Father," he said, "just what is a saint?"

"A saint," said Father Casey, "is one of God's heroes."

"Are God's heroes different from man's heroes?"

"They are. Man's heroes are sometimes heroes only on the outside; God's heroes must be heroes through and through. Man can't see the heart, but God can."

"Then a saint is—?"

"A man who has practised virtue in a heroic degree—in short, a perfect man."

"Then, when the Pope thinks a man has practised virtue in a heroic degree, he has him called a saint, is that it?"

"No," returned the priest, "not when he *thinks*—when he has absolute proof that a man has practised virtue in a heroic degree, he proclaims to the world that that man is a saint and directs that he be fittingly honored as one who is surely among the friends of God in heaven."

"I imagine," said the reporter, hastily jotting down his own happy idea, "that the Pope is liable to be rather partial towards his own friends and judge them men of heroic virtue rather than someone in far-off America, eh?"

"If you knew the judicial process prescribed for determining the heroicity of their virtues, I imagine you would imagine differently."

"Oh, there is a defined judicial process to be followed in the case?"

"Absolutely. Furthermore, as a quarter of a century, half a century, or even a century, must elapse after a person's death before he will be declared a saint, it will seldom happen that a Pope will have occasion to canonize one of his own friends."

"That judicial process, Father, could you give an outline of it?" And the reporter turned a fresh page and held his pencil at "attention".

"First of all," said the priest, "the subject must die. No one can be canonized, that is, officially declared a saint, while he is living."

"Why not?"

"Because it is always possible that the holiest of living persons may fall. It avails nothing how holy a man is if he is not holy until death. Next, many years must elapse after his death before his case will be considered at all. In the first blush of sorrow for the loss of a great and good man people are prone to think him better than he really was—to overestimate his virtues. The Church will take no chances with this transient enthusiasm. She will take note only of virtues of such outstanding excellence that they can stand the test of time. If the dead man's reputation for sanctity endures for many years and the people keep petitioning the Pope to take up his case, he will finally signify his willingness to consider a report. If this report is convincing, the Pope will appoint a vice postulator to go to the place or places where the person lived and take evidence on the spot. The vice postulator will make a record of all the statements regarding the sanctity of the person in question and of the exact nature of the proofs in support of these statements. Secondly, he will examine to see whether the person has been prematurely and unlawfully honored as a saint in a way calculated to force the issue. Thirdly, he will take evidence regarding any miracles alleged to have been performed through his intercession. There must be at least two clearly proved miracles before the case will be considered."

Here the reporter broke in with a question:

"By a miracle, you mean that some sick person prayed to the saint and got well, don't you?"

"By a miracle, we mean something beyond the power of nature—something that only God can do. For example, a person is suffering from a severe malady that could be alleviated through mental suggestion, and he prays to the saint and gets well. That fact is not accepted as a miracle, for it may possibly be the result of merely natural causes. On the other hand, suppose a person has a broken bone—a lung completely consumed by tuberculosis, and he prays to the saint to intercede for him with God. Suppose the next instant the bone is found firmly knitted, the lung whole and sound. Here we have something beyond the power of nature, something that only God can do. Since God did this extraordinary thing in answer to the intercession of the saint, it is clear that He wishes to show His approval of the honor given to the saint."

"But Father, such things as that don't happen, you know."

"You mean that the great Almighty God, who could create the whole universe in an instant, could not mend a broken bone or restore a diseased lung in an instant?"

"Oh, He could do it all right, but He doesn't."

"You say He doesn't. We say He does. Which is right? The one that can prove what he says. You can offer no valid proof to show that God does not work miracles. We can offer thousands to show that He does. Every time a saint is canonized, valid proofs are given to show that God has worked miracles. And mind well, these are no mere pious imaginings. They are proofs submitted to acid tests by experts in medicine and law, proofs that would stand in any court of justice in the world, in fact, cases are not wanting where evidence that would stand in any court of justice has been rejected as insufficient."

"If this evidence proves satisfactory, the man is declared a saint?"

"By no means," replied the priest. "This is only the beginning of the process. All these documents are carried back to Rome, printed, and distributed among the cardinals forty days before the meeting in which they are to be discussed. At the close of the meeting a vote is taken. If the vote is favorable, the person in question is allowed the title 'Venerable', and the Pope appoints a committee to make a thorough and searching examination of all the evidence. This examination has for its principal object to determine, from every angle, the reliability of the witnesses. If the slightest doubt arises, the examination is continued, often for years, until every difficulty has been cleared up. No effort is spared to discover whether there was anything in the words, conduct, or motives of the proposed saint which could be urged against his holiness. All his writings, whether published or unpublished, are scrutinized with the same object in view. And lest anything of this nature should be overlooked, a special official is appointed—they give him the uncomplimentary title of 'devil's advocate'. It is his strict duty in conscience to seek out and urge in court any fact, however slight, that might militate against the heroicity of the virtues of the person under consideration. If his arguments cannot be satisfactorily answered, the case must be dismissed. If however, the judges find that his arguments have no weight, the next step in the process is taken and the person is beatified, that is, the Pope calls him

'Blessed' and gives permission, to those who wish to do so, to honor him publicly as a friend of God. This declaration generally gives a new impetus to devotion to the supposed saint. Many sick, sorrowful, or afflicted turn to him and beg him to intercede with God in their behalf. If God hears his prayers and works miracles at his behest, the case is re-opened. Two new and absolutely certain miracles are required. As soon as there arrives at Rome a minute description of these miracles together with affidavits of witnesses and of physicians or other scientific men, the committee takes up the examination of the evidence, while the devil's advocate resumes his efforts to find a flaw in it. Only after it has been established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the new miracles are genuine—that God has worked wonders to prove to the world the sanctity of His servant—only then does the Pope take the final steps towards declaring him a 'Saint'. A day is set for the solemn ceremony of canonization. The great basilica of St. Peter is gorgeously decorated and thronged with thousands upon thousands of the faithful. To the entrancing music of silver trumpets the Pope enters preceded by a long procession of Swiss guards, royal guards, clerics, bishops, archbishops, mitred abbots, and cardinals. In brief and simple words he proclaims to the world the result of so many years of patient and pains taking investigation. 'We decree and define that Blessed . . . . . is a Saint, and we inscribe his name in the catalogue of saints and order that his memory be devoutly and piously celebrated on the . . . . . day of . . . . ., which is his feast'."

"So there, my friend," concluded the priest, "you have a brief description of the canonization of a saint. The pope does not make saints; they make themselves, with the help of God. All that the Pope does is to tell the world that they are saints. He does this only after an examination, as strict, thorough and impartial as is possible in this world."

With these words, Father Casey dismissed the reporter wondering meanwhile how much of the true and correct doctrine of the canonization of saints would appear in the Sunday edition of the daily paper.

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There are but few peaceful souls because there are so few that pray.

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Speak little and mildly, little and well, little and simply, little and cheerfully.

## The Student Abroad

### MEANDERING ABOUT ROME

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

When the long months of study are over and the strain of the examinations has taken its place in the list of aches and pains which go to make a long chapter in the story of life, the student-resident of Rome betakes himself to the nooks and corners of the history and interest-filled city and rambles and reads and rambles and ponders and returns to his room wherever it may be to ponder again; for if he can but pronounce the "Open Sesame", if he can but catch the key to the spirit of Rome's life, the story of one of the oldest civilizations in the world is open to him. And a marvelous book it makes; a book which has never seen the proofreader's ruthless blue pencil nor the printer's gymnastics with type. It is writ in stone and brick and carved tufa rock and sculptured travertine, in marble and gold, on canvas and wall, and not insignificantly in the lives of the inhabitants.

So hoping that we have caught the mystic word, we shall begin our saunterings by keeping away at least for the present from the tourist parties and the big sight-seeing cars and the noise of professional guides.

Probably the lure of St. Peter's attracts our steps, probably the charm which historic association has thrown about the Tiber—at any rate our steps turn toward the river and the big dome of Rome's and the world's most important basilica comes into view over the modern and frankly not altogether attractive buildings. But once beside the Tiber, perhaps our musical instincts assert themselves, for we find our way naturally leading off at a tangent, and after wandering more or less aimlessly in a maze of short, narrow streets, we arrive at the gate leading to the court immediately in front of St. Cecilia's church.

The court corresponds to the atrium of an old Roman house, and as a matter of fact the saint's house has been discovered just beneath the portico of the church. In the courtyard, a souvenir of gay Roman days, is a huge stone flower pot, once used to ornament the courtyard of Roman dwellings of the better class. Entering the church, we are struck by the air of modernity, for it has been remodeled, as many such churches have been, through the munificence of a titular cardinal, or of some

cardinal of noble lineage who had a special devotion to the saint honored there. The heavy Renaissance ceiling, is in rather striking contrast with the severe classical lines of the lower section of the church, but since we are not connoisseurs in architecture, we pass by that detail and look for the points of interest.

Before us rises a majestic high altar, a Papal altar, at which Mass is said facing the people. It is magnificently furnished, evidence of the veneration held for the patroness of music. Beneath the altar, in a sort of alcove, is a beautiful statue by Maderno showing the body of the saint in the position in which it was discovered when the tomb in the catacombs was opened in 1599. The figure is familiar, the prone body, face down with the mark of the sword in the neck, and the two hands outstretched, three fingers pointing outward as a sign of profession of faith in a triune God. On a level with the altar, and therefore somewhat elevated from the rest of the church, the apse—or we would call it the sanctuary—reaches back to the beautiful throne. Overhead, the walls are covered with rich marbles, the curved ceiling holding a magnificent mosaic of the ninth century.

A beautiful custom is kept here each year; on the feast of the Saint, the musical students of St. Cecilia's Academy, come to her church, and here in the "sanctuary" give an instrumental and vocal concert in her honor.

Some visitors have remarked that Roman churches seem like art galleries, and for that reason they find it hard to pray with devotion in them. That may be, for the best talent of centuries has consecrated itself to the honoring of God by the adorning of His houses. Yet, in spite of the possible distractions arising from the abundance of beautiful specimens of art, there are many shrines where one is almost forced to pray with devotion. And St. Cecilia's is one of these. So after a short prayer at her altar, we turn to the right and enter the crypt.

If one has visited many crypts or underground churches before coming to St. Cecilia's, he is quite unprepared for the surprise that awaits him. A narrow passage circling the tombs of St. Cecilia, St. Valerian, St. Tiburtius and St. Maximus leads on down to one of the most beautiful little chapels to be found anywhere. Cardinal Rampolla is responsible for it, and His Eminence did his work of love well. The many pillars necessary to support the floor of the upper church were

called upon in the decorative scheme; the little alcoves often found along the side walls of basements, were also utilized; the result is a masterpiece of mosaic and stone art; colorful, complete, and tasty. All tends to turn the visitor's attention to the purpose of the crypt; for back of the little altar which forms the center of the chapel's attractions, a stone grate allows the visitor to gaze upon the stone tombs of the three saints. On festal occasions, the chapel is filled with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs. From the walls and the ceilings, the vari-colored mosaics reflect the dim light like jewels. In the alcoves, are two little shrines to the virgin martyrs, Saints Agnes and Agatha. Here, mosaic has been used to depict portraits of the maiden saints, and against a delicate background, their names are inscribed. Delicacy and taste form the keynote; an atmosphere of reverence and veneration is the natural effect on the visitor.

From this beautiful little chapel, access is had to the original house of the family of St. Cecilia. As she belonged to the nobility of Rome, a visit to her home is of more than ordinary interest. However, disappointment is likely to result from the trip, for the years have not dealt so kindly with these remains. A few fragments of original flooring, some of the original rooms, and one bit of detail comprise the points of chief interest. And of these probably the detail is the most interesting. In a nook high up in the wall of a private room, is a little shrine to one of the household gods of a pagan family which probably owned the dwelling previous to the family of the saint. How much there was to the original house is difficult to surmise from the remains visible now, for in the church and on the opposite side is shown the bathroom in which the saint was martyred. What spacious rooms and luxurious halls must have extended between, the imagination aided by what information has been gathered in visiting other relics of old Rome, must supply.

Reaching the upper church again, we cross to the chapel just off the right nave. A narrow hall, ornamented in a style much different from that of the church leads to what is now a little chapel, but which originally was the bathroom of the dwelling house. If the visitor has visited the Vatican and seen the Loggia or corridors with their wonderful frescoes, or if he has been through well-preserved ruins of an ancient home of the better class, he will recognize in this little entrance hall, a corridor of the former house. The bright frescoes, still in fair



state of preservation, somewhat Pompeian in style and full of color, the usual arching of the ceiling proper to Rome and the tessellated pavement with figures worked out in colored stone, all would be appropriate to a Roman house of good standing. To the left, in very mediocre setting, is located the artistic gem, Domenichino's painting of the apparition of the angel to St. Cecilia and St. Valerian. To the right, a few steps lead down in to the bathroom. Even the reconstruction done to provide facilities for the saying of Mass, have not destroyed the chief characteristics of the original room.

In one corner, an opening in the floor leads to the furnace for heating the water; in the opposite section of the floor there is another opening for allowing warm air to come up into the bath. More curious and interesting from an historical point of view are the remains of the lead tubes or piping through which the hot water was brought up into the room. But the center of interest is the big stone slab, now used as an altar-stone upon which the body of the saint rested when the attempt was made to behead her. Here no attempt is made to create atmosphere; the remains of centuries ago speak for themselves. And the message tells of the power of the Faith that could move a Virgin to defy the power of Rome, and conquered in death, become triumphant. A Catholic can hardly visit St. Cecilia's without registering a firm resolve to read her life again.

It may be that the student is turning his morning hike into a Jubilee pilgrimage. In that case, he will start at once for St. Paul's outside the walls. On his way, he will notice a peculiar little old church, apparently stuck thoughtlessly on the top of an insignificant hill and left there unheeded. It is very much out of the way, for though visible for a great distance, only one road leads toward it, and if a mistake is made, the erring one pays the price in a long, aimless ramble over dusty roads and between high old-fashioned stone walls, till he reaches his starting point again. It is the old church of St. Saba, now the parish church of the comparatively new but still rather isolated section of Rome of that name.

Over the weather-beaten entrance to the court, marking the front of the church, an old fresco is still visible. A heavy, wooden door, locked, bars our entrance, till after pulling a wire suspended in front of the door, the discordant jangle of an old bell brings a custodian to the door. We clamber through a panel which swings open in the main



door, and find ourselves facing a rather disappointing scene. An old brick building, with small portico below and a loggia or gallery in the second story; walls decorated with bits of old inscriptions and ruins of statues found in excavations in the vicinity; some old sarcophagi and some sections of capitals and friezes from old Roman buildings; very much dust bespeaking very little care; only an enthusiast could find enjoyment in the prospect.

But assuming that the student is an enthusiast, we shall proceed. Entering through a heavy curtain, customary in Rome in such churches, we find ourselves in one of the oldest and best preserved specimens of the old Basilica type of church to be found. And from the old wooden cross-beams which support the roof (and ceiling) to the highly ornate tessellated pavement with its inlaid designs in varicolored marbles, the old church is an apt subject for study. The lines are severe; from the capitals of the pillars to the wooden ceiling plain plaster walls broken only by the plainest of windows are to be seen. But from the capitals down, there is variety. It is a good example of the way in which pagan temples were used after the Church had emerged triumphant from its three centuries of struggle. For the beautiful pillars and other objects of ornament of the temples were then taken and incorporated in the new buildings which were to be the first real churches of Rome. Not too much care was shown in the selection of material and we have a curious assortment of styles and shapes. A simple Doric shaft will be placed next to a more ornate Corinthian; the bases will be improvised to suit the size of the church, not the style of the borrowed pillar; when the shaft is too long, it will be cut off and left with a few jagged edges at the bottom to show where the amputation took place. Similarly with regard to the capitals; sometimes they fit the shaft to which they are attached; just as often they do not. When they fail to make all ends meet; sometimes the capital is too large and overlaps a bit, sometimes it sits on the shaft like a hat that is a size too small for the wearer's head. Santa Saba, though it is small, has samples of practically all these familiar phenomena.

Just a few yards within the entrance, stands the beautiful marble choir; a section of the church enclosed by a marble wall and standing in what would be the center aisle of an American church. Since there are no pews in Roman churches, as we are accustomed to having them, there are no aisles as we understand them. Within this enclosure are

stone benches running about the sides; the wall itself forming the back. Toward the altar and on either side are pulpits; both of stone and highly ornamented with inlaid bits of colored stone in conventional designs—a common decoration found in many of the older churches of Rome. One of these pulpits was formerly used for reading the Epistle and the other for the Gospel; now they stand dignified but empty, memorials to a great past.

Immediately in front of the choir, and elevated somewhat, stands the still beautiful high altar, very simple in design and so in striking contrast with the comparatively gaudy specimens of mediaeval and Renaissance art in other more modern churches and surmounted with a simple but harmonious stone baldachino. The apse back of the altar is very small but exactly similar in form to that of the classical basilicas. Directly behind the altar and against the back wall is a simple throne made up of at most six or seven pieces of stone, evidently taken from some other structure, poorly matched. Yet, it is strikingly impressive in its simplicity. The walls are covered with frescoes in a poor state of preservation but which somehow fit in with the rest of the church and like it, seem to typify rugged endurance, perseverance against odds. Formerly these walls were covered with rich mosaics.

It is usually only after reaching this part of the church that one realizes there is more to it. The Gospel side has been enlarged to include another aisle, and in the front of this newer section, is located the altar with the Blessed Sacrament. If the main church seems cold and abandoned, this little aisle is quite the opposite. The simple parishioners have brought flowers from the fields and from their gardens and placed them on the altar. A sanctuary lamp twinkles away merrily; a few pictures add color to the place. But the walls are unfinished, and there are traces of arches and sections of other walls which must have marked sections of a previous building.

In one corner of this aisle which we might call the inhabited section, are some glass cases with specimens of quaint old frescoes, rather dim and badly battered but very interesting.

Here is another church that cannot be called an art gallery; there is practically nothing there but the essentials, and not all of those. Still it makes you wish to linger, and lingering within its peaceful walls, you feel impressed by what it represents—the ages of struggle, the ages of simple, sturdy faith; and once that realization forces itself

upon you, you kneel again and pray. And maybe, to complete the scene, some of the little children of the neighborhood will wander in, stare at you in wide-eyed childish wonder, then walk up to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament and murmur their greetings to their Eucharistic God. Or maybe some old man or withered, bent old lady, dispensed by age from the burden of labor, will enter, slip into one of the old seats in front of the altar and begin to finger a well-worn rosary. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; the touch here is supernatural and the relationship correspondingly sublime. You feel at home.

On leaving the church, an interesting little excursion awaits us. For the floor of the present church is comparatively modern; beneath are the partially excavated recesses of the original church. A good searchlight shooting its ray into the murky darkness discloses a peculiar sight in the area corresponding to the apse upstairs. Around the circular wall are remains of frescoes of figures from the feet to the knees; the ceiling (and therefore the floor of the church above) simply cut the figures in two. On the side-walls are remains of other frescoes mostly in very poor condition; there is not much visible for very little has been excavated. Among the fragments of inscriptions and the like is one specimen which is rather unique. It reminds one of the inscription Mr. Pickwick undertook to decipher in Dicken's famous work of that name. As it stands it is meaningless for it is impossible to imagine any word made up of combinations of letters such as these; the lettering, however, is in Latin characters. A guide one day told me it was a joke—some one was trying to tease the curiosity of visitors who like to imagine that they are scientific investigators. I imagine some "fall for" the ruse.

One day, during the period when Rome was crowded with large pilgrimages, on taking a little walk to this quiet old spot, I came upon some pilgrims, English speaking, very intelligent and appreciative, otherwise they would never have roamed to that out of the way place to visit an old church. But in the party were one or two young ladies who have evidently just received the final scientific finishing touches in an up-to-date finishing school, and to impress the rest of the party with their attainments, they proceeded to study the details of the choir with great diligence. Each of the tiny bits of stone in the mosaic ornament was scrutinized and handled and scrutinized again; following which one young lady sought an unusual thrill by climbing into one of the

pulpits or *ambones*. Yet there was no levity or irreverence in their actions; it was possibly just a touch of human nature in a place devoid of life.

Climbing a rather crude staircase which is entered from outside the church, we come to the loggia or balcony which we saw from a distance on approaching the church. It is very simple; rough, wooden ceiling, heavy brick and plaster railing; plain stone pillars supporting the roof; plain brick flooring. Still somehow it appeals. The visitor, tired of hurrying from place to place in Rome feels relief here. There are old benches, not many but enough to accommodate all, where one can rest and look out over the striking panorama spread before him. An Italian officer writing to some American friends in Rome, who asked me to translate his letter, gave the best portion of his missive to a vivid description of this, his favorite spot in Rome. And he described it well; restful and satisfying. From here all important points of Rome are clearly visible and the contour given to the city by the "seven" hills is seen to good advantage. From left to right, the eye surveys the Janiculum with its terraces and its lighthouse—a present from the Italians in Argentine, and Garibaldi's statue—which to a disinterested outsider seems to serve the opposite purpose to that for which it was intended, for it is a memorial to a great injustice done not to Italy's enemy, but to her greatest friend and benefactor; then next in order the dome of St. Peter's dominates the view. Below it the buildings fronting the Tiber mark its winding course through the city; farther along the gigantic memorial to King Victor Emmanuel reflects the sun from its dazzling white surface, and not far away in the perspective from Santa Saba, the twin cupolas and the campanile of St. Mary Major Basilica indicate the beginning of the Esquiline. In between all these, the cupolas and campaniles of a host of other churches add interest by their variety to the scene. To an American and possibly to Europeans, a striking feature is the absence of smoke; the big factories of Rome are located outside of the city or at least far away from the chief centers and chimneys and their accompanying smoke screen are conspicuous by their absence.

Descending again to the courtyard, we find another treat awaiting us. An old iron gate set in an ancient wall of ponderous dimensions—all walls in Rome seem to have been made to last for all time—admits us to an old garden and whatever we have read at home of the charm

and poetry of old gardens is realized here. Once upon a time it was well kept; the variety of flowers and shrubs and the carefully planned walks testify to that. But even now in its decrepitude, its charm remains. If we come at the right season—and it is hard to miss the best season for it lasts about half a year—we will find the flowers especially the roses blooming luxuriantly, alone. I have never met anyone in the several times I have visited it. Old stones from ruins have been used for its ornament, and over the gray stone the rosemary and a host of other beautiful shrubs twine their branches unmolested. In an out of the way corner, someone built one of the quaintest shrines I have ever seen. Over the shrine and over the walks and the little summer house which forms the center of the decorative plan, old gnarled trees raise their twisted branches and provide a refreshing shade.

We have failed to note the passing of the time. The shadows are lengthening. Suddenly from somewhere comes the tone of a bell. It is followed by others; some resonantly booming, others clanging like old voices, cracked with age. But distance mellows their tones and more than distance perhaps, the state of mind of the listener—the appreciative listener hears in these somewhat discordant tones the age-old voice of Rome. It is the heart of Rome calling to the Romans who understand—announcing the evening Ave Maria.

Officially the day goes on, for the hands of the clock refuse to stand still. But for Romans the day is over; it began with the morning Ave Maria, it ends with the evening call to honor their beloved Madonna. And we have a fair distance to go, so with a prayer at the little shrine, we bid adieu to the charming old garden and to equally charming old Santa Saba and make our way, not too swiftly over the old winding roads, past the giant ruins of the palaces of the Caesars, past the stately Coliseum, home.

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In our day, when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of authority—*Harry Thurston Peck, Educator and Historian.*

## Horizons

### WHO LOVED BEST

EDWARD A. MANGAN, C.Ss.R.

The last day of his college career had come. The day was waning towards evening. But James Brown, just beginning his twenty-first year, was not thinking of that. Standing alone in the well-beloved "den" in which he had spent the greater part of his six years at St. Ignatius', wrapped, as it were, in a reverie, heedless of the beauties of the sunset scene at other times so absorbingly interesting to him, heedless of the merry chatter and glee of the happy crowds that dotted the lovely campus, Jim was putting his whole attention on two objects which he held, one in either hand.

Suddenly a brawny heavy fist thumped two resounding knocks on his door and then, "Jimmy, Jimmy, are you here? Wake up man."

Startled out of his meditation, Jimmy yelled a lusty "come in" before he had time to lay away the subjects which had evoked his meditative thoughts. He was caught in the act. The door opened and first the flushed face and then the bulky body of Tom Larkin appeared.

"Well," ejaculated Tom, "are you ready? Your Moth—hello! why the tragic stand?" he continued as the unusual sight of Jimmy with a letter in one hand and a brand new photograph in the other made him interrupt his message. "What in the—why—who and a couple of other wh's—"

Jimmy smiled at his friends amazement but Tom clearly saw it was a forced smile; there was even sadness in it.

"You look, and you ought to feel happy Jim," said Tom in a subdued voice, "and still you look sad; has anything happened?"

"Much has happened, Tommy; you may be able to guess it—here read this," and Jim proffered the letter.

Tom read: "Jimmy darling, I have the sweetest surprise for you"—"Humph, a lot to be sad about!" he sniffed banteringly, looking up, "what the," he ejaculated, as he again glanced at the letter; "first vacation"—"of all the—holy cats, Jim, this letter is five years old!"

"I know it, Tom, now look at this," and he handed over the photograph.

"Where's the connection? This is a picture of your sister Mary taken at her graduation a week ago, isn't it?" And as Jim nodded, he continued, "but I don't see any connection between the picture, the letter and your doleful countenance."

"Well, Tommy, there's all the connection in the world. This letter was written by my mother five years ago just before I left here for my first vacation. The surprise she speaks about is Mary. Mary is only an adopted sister, you know."

"Oh! I have often wondered why you two didn't resemble each other."

Jim paid no attention to the interruption.

"When I was a little kid, so mother tells me, I was forever telling her how I liked the name Mary and how I wished I had a sister of that name. Dear old Mother! Well she finally adopted a little girl and I had my sister Mary. When I jumped off the train in St. Louis, the week after I received this letter, I found three waiting for me instead of just mother and dad. There was Mary, the dearest little thing, and boy, she still is, she's the best sister in this world, Tommy."

"Sure makes classy fudge," vouchsafed Tom, "but say, you haven't explained in the least why you were so darned gloomy when I came in."

"Why don't you see, Tom? It can't be."

"What can't be, you darned fool, what are you talking about? A letter five years old, an adopted sister, and 'It can't be.' You're sure a 'wow' at explanations; I'm all mystified."

"Oh, well, some other time, Tom, forget about it. You'll know very soon. In the meantime, what do you want? Why did you call me?"

"Oh, yes, why you fool, your mother and dad and Mary have been waiting for you all this time we have been fooling away up here."

"Come on Tom, I'm ready, are your folks here?"

"Sure thing. I'll leave you at the end of the corridor," Tom answered as he linked his arm with Jim's. He did leave, to pursue his folks out the back way down into the magnificent grape arbor. "See you later," he said, as he parted from Jim.

Jimmy stood a moment in the corridor, descended the stairs and advanced towards the entrance of the building. Immediately in front of the door and out under a spreading elm, he espied his dear ones. As he approached, their eyes lighted up with love, and they came to meet him. Mother kissed him in the old way; daddy's greeting was



the same as ever, and then Jim turned to Mary. How his heart beat! Mary made an involuntary start, a half attempt at a demure retreat. Momentarily both hesitated and then blushed. But momentarily was enough for mother—she saw and comprehended what dad saw but did not understand.

Did Jimmy notice Mary's hesitation? Did Mary notice Jimmy's? Certainly not; both were too intent on their effort at self-composure.

"Well, what are the rules this evening?" inquired dad; he prided himself on being a stickler for rules.

"Well dad," Jimmy replied, "if you desire my company for dinner—"

"Desire it! Jim, you old dear! Of course we do, we want you any time, all the time." And then Mary's voice stuck in her little throat and her hand trembled on Jimmy's arm.

Jimmy's eyes opened wider as he suddenly comprehended this new phase of the question and mother saw the almost imperceptible look of pain which flitted across his countenance; saw too, that his lips moved as if breathing a prayer, and again she understood. My, but she was quick. Her power of perception was almost uncanny.

"Well, then," Jim went on, "it is almost six o'clock now. I'm due back here at eighty-thirty for the final graduation exercises. I ordered dinner for us four down at the White Owl"—all faces broke into smiles at this—"and I have reservations on the eleven-thirty flier for old St. Louis. How's that?"

"Fine," ejaculated dad, "by jove, boy, we need you at the office. Here you take Mother. Mary will take me; let's walk, what's two blocks?"

They walked; dad and Mary took the lead.

"Jimmy," Mother whispered, "I see you know all; be brave honey."

"I will Mother; yes, I know all now. Just a minute ago, I learned the last, the most distressing thing. Oh, Mother, why did it have to happen? It's going to be hard."

"What are you two whispering about?" Mary inquired, turning half way around.

"About little Mary Brown, the sweetest girl in town," answered Jim.

"Oh," she breathed contentedly, then she patted dad's arm. "Am I dad? Am I the sweetest girl in town?"

"Sweetest and best in the world, honey."



Mother brightened up as they neared the "White Owl". She did it for a purpose and Jim heartily seconded her. Dad unwittingly fell in too, and thus Mary forgot her unusual embarrassment. Dinner progressed smoothly, happily. At eight-thirty, they were in the Assembly Hall of St. Ignatius' and Jim was graduated with high honors.

The trip home was uneventful except for the fact that Jimmy didn't sleep a wink; Mary has never said whether she did or no.

For a few days Mary was quiet and a little moody. Jim caught her several times looking full at him, her eyes laden with their new meaning and at such times, he believed the whole world must hear his heart thump. He would not trust himself to look long at her.

But after Mary had come to realize that both Jimmy and Mother were unwontedly pensive at times, she blamed herself, and with a mighty effort put on the old carefree, cheerful front. She was up early singing, dancing, playing, anticipating every wish, especially of dad's; because now dad was the only element out of harmony. Mother and Jim had heartily responded to her efforts; but on Jim's third day home, dad and he had a long conference and dad came out of it a changed man. He tried nobly not to let Mary see it; but she did, and wondered. That's why she was always at his side, on the jump to accompany him anywhere if he showed the least wish for her company.

That's why, too, she so readily said "yes" when one afternoon, he asked her to take him for a drive before dinner. It was an unusual request; Jim usually drove; but she showed no surprise. However, she couldn't help being surprised when Jim said good-bye very tenderly and kissed her—he seldom did that now. Something was wrong, she knew. "Maybe," she thought, "he's beginning—but no, I can't hope for that," and she promptly put the thought away.

Three hours later, she and dad returned. Somehow the sun, setting in a cloudless west, seemed rather dimmer than it should be; my but the house seemed empty! What made the old clock on the mantelpiece tick so loudly? It never sounded so loud before.

Mother was waiting for them. "Dinner is ready," she said. Mary put away her hat quickly, silently.

"Wh—where's Jim?" she asked almost fearfully, when grace was finished and they had seated themselves.

Mother looked at dad, then—there were tears in her eyes as she turned towards Mary.

"He's gone, dearie," Mother answered. "Here, he left these for you," and she handed over a note and a photograph. The photograph was Mary's own; she gasped as she saw it. She was beginning to understand.

"Dearest Mary," the note read, "I'm on my way to Florissant, the Jesuit novitiate. I couldn't bear to tell you personally because I'm afraid I'd never leave if I did. I think, Mary I loved you, you know, in that other way."

There Mary stopped—how silent was everything but that old clock—"He—he thinks he loved me—oh mother," she said chokingly, "I know I loved and do love him."

"There, there, dearie," comforted mother, coming over to her, "I know you did, sweetheart, and Jimmie knew. That's why he felt so bad."

Mary choked back her tears with a mighty effort. "Mary, dear," she read on, "try to forget me; try hard, be brave, dearie."

"Oh, mother, he's brave and good and generous, isn't he?" she whispered. "But mother—how I loved him!" And then the tears came, many of them, big, large, hot tears.

For a minute or two, her shoulders heaved as she bowed her head on her arms and sobbed unrestrainedly. Then again pulling herself together, she stood up between mother and dad, tightly holding a hand of either.

"Moth—mother it's hard—b-b-but I'm going to be br-brave, as he is. I'll try; I—I will forget," and then she smiled through her tears—she began to see the farther horizons Jim had in view.

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### WHERE HAPPINESS IS FOUND

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In little courtesies; in little kindnesses; in pleasant words; in facing life with a smile; in making others happy; in friendly letters; in the companionship of books; in doing one's best regardless of reward; in good wishes; in virtuous friendships; in helping others; in healthful recreations; in a clear conscience; in doing duty cheerfully; in mutual confidence; in being able to deny yourself even legitimate pleasures, thus exercising your freedom; in the realization that you are not all perfect, thus easily pardoning the unconscious slights of others.

## Youth

### A MODERN ST. LOUIS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

"Here, sonny," said Robert's father, ensconcing himself comfortably in his favorite armchair, and spreading the evening paper before him, "get me a cigar from the humidor, please." The boy soon found one, and came back examining the band.

"Here you are, dad," he said, holding it up to him. "Who is that Garcia after whom it is named?"

"Garcia!" ejaculated the father. "Heavens alive, boy, I haven't the faintest idea. It might be a lady, for all I know. But I do know someone who had that name, though I don't suppose this cigar was named after him. That was Garcia Moreno, who was president of Ecuador just about the time of our Civil War."

"Oh, that's just one of those little South American countries," said the lad. "Not like being president of the United States."

"It was the man, Bob, and the work he did that made him great—as it does everyone that is great—not the size of the place! It makes my heart throb, it makes me feel more of a man, just to think of his courage. And to think it was in my own lifetime when the papers brought the news of his assassination."

"Assassination!" exclaimed Bob. "That's murder, isn't it?"

"Yes; cowardly murder. It was in 1875. Garcia Moreno had just been elected president of Ecuador for the third time. He had done more for his country than all his predecessors put together; he modernized the University of Quito and the colleges of the land, built roads, bridges, schools; called in teachers from the United States and Europe; reformed the prison system; doubled the finances; he saved the country from constant revolutions fomented by masonic freethinkers who tried to ruin both country and Church at once. Now the cowards decided to assassinate him. On August 6, 1875, the first Friday of the month, they waited for him. And as he came out of the church, seven men rushed upon him. As Moreno fell, pierced by six bullets and fourteen dagger strokes, he said: 'I die, but God does not die!' In his diary that very morning after Holy Communion, he had written these words: 'My Jesus, give me love and humility and let me know what I should do in your service today.'"

"Who were the cowards that did that?" asked the boy.

The Masonic lodges of the various European countries hated Garcia Moreno because he had protested when Garibaldi robbed the Pope of his Italian territories; and it was they who instigated the South American Masons to do all in their power to force Moreno from office, and failing of that, to kill him. Moreno knew it, but he was not afraid."

"He must have been a real he-man—red-blooded, dad!" exclaimed Bob. "Tell me about him, will you, please? Especially what kind of a boy he was."

"All right, sonny," replied the father, laying aside his paper. "I'll tell you all I know." Then he began.

"Let me see. Garcia Moreno was born in 1821, nine years before Ecuador, through the dismemberment of the so-called republic of Colombia founded by the famous Bolivar, became an independent republic. His parents were once very well off, but in the successive revolutions they lost all they had, so that they could not give their youngest son, Garcia Moreno, the same educational advantages that the older children had had. So his mother became his teacher. It was just those early hardships he had to go through that laid the foundation of that simplicity, self-control and fearlessness that characterized him later on.

"When he was thirteen years old, his father died. Then real want came into the home, and it seemed to be still more impossible for the boy to get an education. But just then he found a good friend, Father Jose Betancourt, who gave him lessons, especially in Latin. In ten months the boy learned the whole grammar, astonishing his teacher by his grasp of knotty problems, his wonderful memory and his passionate love of work.

"At sixteen, he was so far advanced that the schools of Guayaquil, his native city, had nothing to offer him. He wanted to go to the University at Quito. But there was no money. Here again his old friend Father Jose helped him. He had a sister living in Quito, and she offered to board the boy. At the university the lad surpassed all his fellow students. Here he studied philosophy, poetry and literature, and devoted a great deal of time to history and especially mathematics. Just by way of example, a famous French mathematician came to Quito to make a topographical survey. A problem presented itself which he could not solve: Moreno, though only a student, solved it for him on the spot.

"But this success the lad won only by dint of hard work. He led a real hermit life, devoted entirely to his books, taking no part in parties or amusements. His recreation time he gave to the study of languages—English, Italian and French. Deep into the night he could be found at his desk, poring over his books by the light of a candle. And when at last sleep overcame him, he would lie down on the boards of his bed, without mattress or covering, so that he might not oversleep. At three o'clock in the morning he was up again and at his books. He worked sixteen hours a day and he said that if the day had forty-eight hours, he would work forty.

"With all this study it was only his common sense and piety that saved him from becoming one-sided. As often as possible he assisted at Mass and went to Communion every week. For a while he even thought of becoming a priest. But his friends advised him to become "a bishop in the world" instead. So he took up the study of law and began to prepare for a public career.

"He was not blind to the dangers of his chosen career. He realized full well that amid all the revolutions that followed each other in his poor country, he must be prepared for dangers of all sorts. And he schooled himself to be absolutely fearless.

"One day when taking a walk into the open country with a book in his hand as usual, hardly seeing where he was going, he found himself suddenly before a great wall of granite rock in which there was a little cave. Glad to get out of the blistering sun, he sat down in the cool shadow and was about to continue his reading, when he saw above him a gigantic rock that was all but torn loose from its base. Following the first impulse, he jumped to his feet and ran. But at once, ashamed of his momentary fear, he went back, sat down under the swaying boulder, and read for an hour. For several days he repeated this, just to conquer his fear. How well he succeeded in this his later life shows; he seems to have known no fear; dangers only called forth his energy and resourcefulness.

"In the same spirit and for the sake of scientific investigation, he made two expeditions to explore two volcanoes. One of them especially was in violent eruption. In one night Garcia Moreno counted 240 eruptions. The red hot lava shot straight into the air and fell in a glowing stream on all sides. His companion, Dr. Wisse, hardly felt

himself safe at the foot of the volcano; but Moreno ploughed his way up, unafraid, as far as he could go.

"There was only one weak side to his character—that was his terrible temper. He had to fight it from the beginning to the end of his life. But just this temper, controlled and directed, helped him to overcome all the difficulties he had to meet. His life reads more like romance than like history. Time and again he saved his country from enemies within and without; time and again his enemies tried to assassinate him; once he was forcibly taken and exiled; but always he came out victorious. He could have been president of the young republic any time he wanted; but he steadily refused, being satisfied simply to serve. But three times—in 1861, in 1869 and in 1875, it was fairly forced upon him, and so troublous were the times, that for love of his country he accepted. Ecuador profited by it in every way and for the first time enjoyed a bit of peace. It was when he had been elected a third time, against his will, in 1875, that his enemies determined that he must die."

"The cowards!" said Bob. "Say, dad, I want to read more about him. Where can I find something?"

"Fine, sonny," answered the father, "That's the kind of a book I like to see you read. You'll find a life of Garcia Moreno by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott in the bookcase. But I want to tell you just one more incident from his life; it shows again what sort of man he was.

"When he was forced into exile by his enemies, he went to Paris. There he began again his life of study, taking up the natural sciences, especially chemistry. But apparently he grew somewhat lax in his religious duties. One day a crowd of men were engaged in a conversation that turned on religion. Several athletes in the company attacked religion. Moreno defended it so nobly as to silence them. But one of them turned on him and said:

"'You talk well enough, my good friend, but if your religion is so beautiful as you describe, it seems to me that you are somewhat lax in its practice.'

"The taunt struck home and Moreno remained shamefaced and silent for a moment. Then he said:

"'You have answered me by a personal argument which may be correct today; but I give you my word of honor that tomorrow it will be worth nothing.'

"That very evening he went to confession and next morning to Communion. Never after did he waver in the frequentation of the sacraments.

"There, sonny," finished the father, "was a real man, Garcia Moreno, who has been called 'a modern St. Louis'."

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## Poland's Latest Saint

### ST. BOGUMIL

F. JASINSKI, C.Ss.R.

The series of beatified and canonized, during this holy year of Jubilee in Rome, has placed so many more glorious names on the calendar of Saints of the Catholic Church. On the list of these beatified and canonized we see also the name of St. Bogumil, a Polish archbishop of the twelfth century. From the time of his blessed death the people of Poland have honored him uninterruptedly as Blessed and Saint. This year the Sacred Congregation of Rites by a decree has confirmed his worship paid to him since his death. It will be remembered that, besides the ordinary means of beatification through the canonical processes and presentation to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the Code of Canon Law allows of another method, that is, that of religious service held in a given district to some servant of God after the Pontificate of Alexander III and before the Constitution of Urban VIII. These two dates were set, because Alexander III reserved to the Pope exclusively the canonization of Saints, permitting, however, honors to those of blessed memory to be recognized locally by Bishop's decree and spontaneous devotion of the faithful. Urban VIII forbade any sort of worship which was not established by decree of the Roman Pontiff.

In virtue of these laws the Sacred Congregation of Rites, having officially examined the case, recently published a decree recognizing and confirming the honors paid to St. Bogumil as Blessed or Saint. And the Holy Father by His Apostolic Authority, ratified and confirmed the decree on the 27th of May of this year.

From the documents of his process of canonization we learn that St. Bogumil was the son of an old and illustrious Polish family. His parents Bogufal and Catherine Poraj, were pious and thoroughly



Catholic. He was born about the year 1116 in Kozmin, archdiocese of Gniezno, Poland. His saintly mother implanted into his heart from his earliest childhood the seeds of solid virtue. Together with his brother Bogufal he studied first at Gniezno, the principal city of Poland at that time. From there they went to the famous University of Paris to perfect themselves in sacred and profane sciences. Whilst there they became acquainted with the great St. Bernard, the founder of the Cistercian Order. Having returned home, Bogufal entered the Cistercian Order, whilst Bogumil was planning to leave the world and spend his life as a recluse in some hermitage. But his Archbishop who knew his learning and great piety, urged and finally prevailed on him to receive Holy Orders. As a priest, St. Bogumil's zeal for the salvation of souls was inventive and untiring, embracing all without distinction, high and low, rich and poor. Hence, when the Archbishop died in 1167, the Canons of the Cathedral unanimously chose him as successor to the late Archbishop. But he hesitated to receive the high office, until he saw it was the will of God that he must do so, as manifested by the vows and insistence of his electors, and the confirmation of the Pope, Alexander III. Having received Episcopal consecration, he brought to his new office all the good qualities of a pastor according to the Heart of Christ. With tact and perseverance he removed abuses, and watched constantly that no evils creep into his archdiocese. Kind and affable to others and lenient, he was severe towards himself, relaxing in none of his customary mortifications, fastings and long night vigils spent in prayer. He used a great part of his patrimony in building and endowing churches and schools. He was also a great benefactor of the Cistercian Order. And their foundation at Koronow was due to him.

The thought of his great responsibility as archbishop was ever present before him. Hence after governing his vast archdiocese for five years with great spiritual profit to his subjects, impelled by a desire for solitude, he begged the Pope, Alexander III, to accept his resignation. And he pleaded so urgently that the Holy Father finally granted his request. Being released from his archiepiscopal ministry, he first went to the Camaldolese monks to learn the life of a hermit. Then he retired to a hermitage near Dobrowa, situated in the archdiocese he had previously governed. There he led a life of mortification and penance, equalling, if not surpassing, the penitential practices



of the ancient anchorites in the Thebaid. In these austerities he spent the remaining twelve years of his life.

The light of his virtuous life, however, did not remain hidden very long. Soon rumors about his great sanctity began to spread among the people throughout the country. From far and near they flocked to him seeking help in their diverse necessities. And God, rewarding their faith, worked many miracles through his faithful servant. Exhausted by his continuous austerities he fell ill, and fortified with the last Sacraments of the Church, he breathed forth his pure soul into the hands of his Creator on June 10th, 1182. Tradition, uninterrupted till this day, has it that the Blessed Virgin Mary accompanied by all the patron Saints of Poland appeared to him at his death and consoled and fortified him in that last hour.

After his death God glorified St. Bogumil by many more miracles, so that the people came in still greater numbers to his tomb begging his intercession for them with God. As these miracles multiplied from year to year, Fulko, then Archbishop of Gniezno, with the permission of the Holy See, raised the body of St. Bogumil from the grave—fifty years after his blessed death—placed it in a marble sacrophagus and interred it in a side-chapel of the church of Dobrowa. There it remained until the church was destroyed, 486 years later. But all these years the faithful were making pilgrimages to his tomb. Empowered by the Pope, the then Archbishop of Gniezno, Nicholas Prazmowski, transferred the remains of St. Bogumil from Dobrowa to the collegiate church of Uniejow, in order thus to facilitate the access of the numerous pilgrims, who in all seasons of the year were coming to pray before the tomb of the saint, to ask his intercession for themselves before the throne of God.

Many historical documents prove that this popular veneration of him as a saint has never been in any way interrupted from the time of his blessed death till the present day.

The diocesan process of recognition of this veneration was carried to completion in the diocese of Wladislaw in the years 1903 and 1904. (The diocese of Wladislaw is a part of the former archdiocese of Gniezno.) In 1910 the report was submitted to Rome and referred to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, whose office it is to examine and investigate all cases proposed for beatification and canonization, and then submit its report to the Holy Father for a decision. In the mean-

time the canonical rules followed in the compiling of this case had been changed, and the bishops of Poland in 1920 asked for and obtained from Pope Benedict XV a decree to the effect that the proceedings already carried out in this case of Blessed Bogumil should be recognized as valid. In the last years, since 1920, the rest of the conditions necessary for canonization have been complied with in order to obtain recognition of the constant honor in which this saint was held. The present Holy Father, Pius XI, has granted this recognition. And the decree issued entitles St. Bogumil to the veneration due a saint not only in his native land but throughout the whole Catholic Church.

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### THE PIOUS MAN

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The late Maurice Francis Egan, one time Ambassador of the United States to Denmark, wrote the following:

"It is a sign of a kind of agnosticism to look on the word 'pious' as applied to a man as a deadly insult; one may call a man a liar under certain circumstances, and he will not resent it so quickly as if you called him 'pious' in public; and yet Virgil and other Latins had a great respect for the term. It ought to be for the honest believer a title of honor.

"We Catholics, I fancy, are all really pious at heart, and it does seem strange and illogical to be ashamed of being pious. This shame denotes doubt and even agnostic indifference."

Words, which deserve attention. They are practical even now.

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### FORWARD

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"In whatever we do to safeguard our position, we must avoid any feeling or appearance of aggression or challenge. We must remain patient, tolerant and charitable. But we owe it to our country no less than to our Church to be conscious of our rights and liberties, and to be resolute in our determination to preserve them."

This is the way our position was outlined by Chas. B. Dolle, representing Admiral Benson, at the recent convention of the Central Verein.

They are wise words and courageous and well worth putting into practice.

## Sell What Thou Hast

### CHAP. VIII. FLIGHT

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Christmas morning came upon Mame Gerber almost unnoticed, as Christmas. True, she had a great deal of work practicing with the choir in preparation for the day—but it was simply her work. The Christmas tree at home, the shouts of joy from the younger children, the happy, reciprocal wishes, left her cold. She seemed to be shut out from the world of Christmas, looking at it all from the outside, without grasping the meaning of it. It even nettled her when the youngsters clung to her dresses eagerly displaying their gifts.

She had promised to play for Mr. Kerens at the children's Mass that morning. She sat at the organ playing perfunctorily. She seemed to be afraid to think. The children crowded round the organ impatient to begin. At last it was time for the services. It took only a nod from her, and the glorious flood poured out from the throats of fifty children—*Adeste Fideles*. It was like an angel chorus.

At the sound something stirred within her heart. It was as if from far away—from long forgotten years of childhood—a prayer were striving to make itself audible—like a breeze scarcely noticeable at twilight. It wrapped itself round her heart; it played with the memories of other Christmases, like a breeze amid flowers, shaking loose all their perfume. She tried hard to smother the emotion that was gathering; she fought to keep back the tears that welled to her eyes.

*Adeste Fideles*! Again, after the Mass was over, the children sang the beloved hymn that holds the very essence of Christmas. It was too much for Mame. As the last notes died away and the children, having wished her a merry Christmas, departed lightheartedly, she turned to the altar, fell on her knees, and buried her head in her hands. A sigh escaped her—a prayer for peace of heart. All else seemed to fade from her mind now.

The footsteps of someone coming down the aisle roused her. It was a priest. Her eyes followed him. He disappeared in the confessional. The voice of years made itself audible: there is peace.

"I'll go to confession," she said to herself, rising at once. "I must

have peace. This is terrible." She was not prepared—no matter; she could not prepare, she was so confused; but she must go.

Down the steps she came and stepped into the vestibule. Her hand was already on the great swinging door, when someone blocked her way. It was Dr. White.

"Merry Christmas, Mame!" he said, grasping her hand from the door and drawing her close to himself.

"Merry Christmas!" she replied, somewhat mechanically, withdrawing her hand and placing it once more on the door as if to push it open. "I won't be long," she added.

"Why, Mame," said the Doctor, impatiently, "I've been waiting here a deuce of a time already. Come—where are you going now?" He took her hand again.

"I want to go to confession," she answered, her voice unsteady.

"Confession!" he laughed. "Come," he continued, fairly taking her in his arms, "make that to me, not to a stranger. Come, confess that you love me."

Mame stood motionless, hesitant.

"Why, Mame," resumed the Doctor with some petulance, "you know that's all nonsense. Why tell a man your faults? If God is almighty, as they say, he can forgive without our telling our faults to anyone; and if there is justice, God cannot expect this of any man. We all have a lower and a higher character and when the lower gets the upper hand, the mind loses control over the higher. There's nothing else to it. But what good is it going to do to tell another man about it?"

"And is there no safeguard against this lower nature and no relief from the feeling of guilt?" she asked, still standing there hesitant.

"Oh, come!" he said, drawing her with him.

A strange fear seemed to come over her of a sudden. A voice from the altar seemed to call her. The shadow of the church seemed to oppress her. She felt she must fly.

"Come!" repeated the voice at her side and the arm tightened about her.

"Let's not stay here any longer, then," she said breathlessly. Resting on his arm, she allowed him to lead her quickly to the waiting car. "Take me home," she finished.

In the car she was more than usually disturbed. Conflicting thoughts raced through her mind. "I am foolish....but I want him....I am

doing wrong....but I must have him....perhaps I can make him turn...." She heard no word of what he said. As the car came to a stop before her home, she awoke to find the Doctor smiling down at her.

"Are you awake?"

"Where will we go tonight, Mame?"

"I don't care much, Jack," she replied. "Only take me somewhere where there is some excitement. I need it."

"Fine, Mame. I know just the place. I'll call for you."

#### CHAPTER IX. THE BARGAIN OFFERED.

"Mame, dear," said Dr. White one evening some three months later when they were driving home from a farewell party for their friends, Fred and Lil, "I wish we could be the proud ducks Fred and Lil are."

"In what way do you mean, Jack?" asked the girl.

"Mame," he said, breathing quickly, "you know. I love you. Don't you love me? I want you. Marry me. I'll give you anything you want. I can give you everything that money can buy."

The girl was so surprised by his sudden proposal that she could find no words to reply. As they were nearing her home, however, the Doctor felt that he must urge his request.

"Mame, please, answer me." He waited. "Please, won't you? I must have you. Please, don't sit and stare!"

The girl was evidently trying hard to think.

"Jack," she said finally, "what about my religion? I can't...please, leave me alone. I can't marry you." Then, seeing the effect it had on him, at once she added, as if hoping against hope: "Unless you turn for me."

"You don't love me," he replied, passionately. "Else you would not let religion interfere with our love. You have been fooling me all this while." He did not realize apparently that he had forced his attentions on her and had not revealed his sentiments until she was already in love. Now he pushed all the blame on her.

"Jack," she answered passionately, "you drive me mad. I do love you—always did; but I have been hoping and praying that you might in return show your love by taking up my religion, or at least by looking into it." She did not see how blind her love had made her and how impractical. "How can I answer your question," she went on desperately, "when that stands in the way?"

"Mame, that's all I want to know. That shall not stand in the way. That religion—oh! it shall not. I hate it!"

She shrank from him. But she seemed to be like wax before him.

"Jack, if you truly love me, do this for me," she pleaded.

"Darling, would you want me to be a hypocrite? You know I think religion is nonsense. Please, don't make me suffer this way."

"Why do you make me suffer, then?" asked the girl.

"I don't want you ever to suffer! I want to protect you. But I can't do this. My profession must be thought of. With your religion I could not get along."

Mame looked surprised.

"I can't give up my various lodges—that would ruin me professionally. Besides," he went on, his old fierceness coming back, "it's all humbug. Can that religion do anything for you? Why all my life I have been getting along without it—and wonderfully. Have many succeeded as well as I? I can take care of you. I can show you my monthly income, besides personal property...."

"Oh, don't talk of that!" fairly cried the girl. "Don't speak about your financial affairs; if you were the poorest man in the world I'd marry you. But, do only this one small thing for me—see a priest."

"I can't. No man will tell me what I can do and what I cannot do. My own respect for human nature tells me what I can do and what I cannot do. Nobody will preach to me."

"But what is human nature to be respected, if there is no God?" she asked dubiously. "And no hereafter?" He looked at her, stunned; but resumed.

"There is none. When the heart stops beating, we are through. What happens to us after the old flesh decays? Why, it's nothing but a gas formation—good for fertilizer; that's what science teaches at the University. Possibly science will some day be able to explain the reason of death and prolong that which we call life. Hasn't life been made by scientists in their experiments? Leave all this, my dear; live while you can—live for love!"

"Ugh!" said the girl, shrinking involuntarily, "what, then, is love?"

Again he was silenced a moment. He could not make out this girl. But passion drove him on.

"And their Bibles—the Old and the New Testament, as they call them—are nothing but human writings the same as the ancient histories.

No one could prove the facts in them. How could they? The world stood centuries—millions of years before anyone wrote. That's what the professors at the University told us. So how could they prove the facts about the beginning of the world? We don't know how the world was formed. Science teaches that it was nothing but a gas formation." He certainly had learned his lesson well. Perhaps the old professor would not recognize his teaching in this garb; but that is what Doctor White, and so many other young men, made of it.

"What kind of gas was it?" asked the girl. "It must have been wonderful to form such a world as ours! . . . Jack, I cannot tell all the things that seem wrong about your words; I can't think. If you went to see a priest, perhaps he could."

"I will say," he admitted, "I have met very intelligent men who were clergymen and I enjoyed their company and arguments; but they could not convince me differently."

"Did you convince them?" she asked again.

"My dear," he answered, brushing aside the whole argument, "don't let those priests run you. Give up that religion of yours. I'll give you anything your heart desires—love, affection, money, anything! Your profession will not be neglected—you can study music with the best masters we can find. Just let us be one—let me take care of you. Come—will you marry me? I must go to Detroit Wednesday to attend a convention of the Medical Association. Let's get married and we'll make it a part of our honeymoon; then we can go wherever you like. What is your answer?"

"We could not get married that quickly at the parsonage," she parried.

"At the parsonage!" he repeated fiercely. "No, never will we be married by a priest, but by a justice of the peace. He can take care of us. That is more than sufficient." She hesitated. "Come!" he urged, "will I go alone again, or will you go with me?"

"I will never marry you unless we are married by a priest," she answered at length, clinging to this as a last spar.

"Mame, dear," was his answer, "you know my attitude on religion."

"And you know mine!" she put back, as if strength were coming back to her.

"Mame," he said desperately, passionately, "Mame, put that religion out of your mind! I offer you everything! Will you come?"



She seemed to realize now what strong chains passion forges. If only, she reflected, if only it would weave a veil before her eyes that she might plead blindness! But she saw. She knew. Finally she said:

"My dear, I will marry you—but not now. And you must keep this quiet from the folks. We waited so long; we can wait a few months longer."

"Then I shall have to go alone now. But I shall think of you every moment of the day. When you are ready, set the date."

"Jack," said the girl suddenly, "I must go in; the folks will be wondering what we are doing out here. We've been here in front of the house for over an hour!"

They parted hastily, promising to see each other next day. But Mame's heart was not at rest. She felt her trouble was not over for that night; her parents would ask an explanation.

"That looked like Dr. White's car," said her mother as Mame entered the room. "Are you starting to go out with that man again?" The girl did not answer. Her nerves were so shattered she could have screamed.

"If he intends to take up your religion, it will be perfectly satisfactory to us," the mother added. "But if not, remember, no marriage!" she finished decisively. The bitterness and impatience noticeable in her voice only galled the girl and hardened her.

"Don't worry," she replied bitterly, "if I can't marry the man I want, I'll never marry." Her mother softened.

"Mame, will you go to confession tomorrow with me?"

"I can't," was all the girl replied.

"Why not? You have no lesson tomorrow afternoon. And it's over a month since I asked you and you said you went."

"I can't, I said," answered the girl bitterly and stubbornly. "I know when to go and nobody is going to force me." With that she turned abruptly and went to her room. There she sank into a chair at the table.

"I don't know what to do or say," she said to herself. "My mind is in a turmoil. Oh, if I could only think! When they mention church, I could run! If I hadn't taken this work as organist, I don't believe I'd step inside of one."

Then she took up her diary and wrote. This is what appeared on the page:



"Dear book, if I only had someone I could talk to . . . someone who would bring me to my senses! I know I did wrong—am doing wrong. Oh, why did that man ever come into my life? Why must religion interfere? There is still hope. Perhaps Jack will turn. Oh, God, make him see! . . . Yes, it is true that I am careless. I can't pray. Once upon a time I was a daily communicant; now it is more than a year since I have been to the sacraments. What is it? . . . I can't have him . . . I must have him . . . His love . . . My religion." It was incoherent, turbulent; so were her thoughts and feelings.

She flung herself on her knees at her bed, in sheer desperation. But scarcely had she knelt down when the thought flashed on her mind: Sell what thou hast and follow me. Two were asking her: Sell what thou hast; two were asking her: Follow me. Quickly, terrified, she rose, as if to fly from the thought and went to bed.

(To be Continued.)

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### THE SAVING SENSE

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Humor somehow is not ordinarily associated with Saints. Perhaps because we do not know what humor is or perhaps because we do not know what a saint is.

Humor, to everyone, indicates a certain degree of joy—a readiness to smile.

On the other hand, nobody associates it with pride; pride is too serious; or uncharitableness—which is anything but glad—and more akin to frowns.

It is an habitual gladness arising from the habit of seeing things in their right perspective. A sense of humor has been defined as being a true appreciation of the fitness of things.

Father Blunt says: "Humility, common sense, a sense of humor—they are all blood relations and are fundamentals in the work of sanctification."

At once the relationship between these three leaps to one's mind. They are qualities by which we, so to speak, keep our feet planted on the ground and view things on the level.

Others speak of the saving sense of humor—because by humility and common sense it saves many a situation, in which the strain has reached the breaking point.

It is clear, then, that it is a part of sanctity and even lends a special luster to it—the luster of a smile.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## A PLAIN MAN'S REASONS

A scholar who had read both sides of the argument between belief and infidelity, gave three reasons why he did not and could not become an infidel.

"First," he said, "I am a man. I am going somewhere. Tonight I am nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all that such infidel books can tell me. They shed not one ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind."

"Second," he continued, "I had a mother. I saw her going down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream."

"Third," he concluded, "I have three motherless daughters. They have no protector but me. I would rather see them dead than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it the entire teaching of the Gospels."

## THE WORD OF GOD

Donoso Cortes, celebrated statesman and renowned as a thinker and writer, while acting as Spanish Ambassador to France, was wont to assist at Mass every Sunday, in the Church near the Embassy. There he knelt in the midst of the working people. After the Gospel, a young priest ascended the pulpit to preach, while the statesman and thinker listened with evident interest and attention.

Some supercilious friends, noticing it, asked him one day:

"Your excellency, we have been wondering how you can listen to that young preacher with so much interest. What profit do you find from his sermons?"

"Do not let that astonish you," said Cortes. "In that young priest, as in every priest in the pulpit, when explaining the word of God, I see and respect the divine authority."

**EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, CONVERT**

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The conversion of a prominent person to the Church means no more from the standpoint of the individual soul than the conversion of an unknown, because every soul is valuable in God's sight. But there is a thrill in having the gift of faith accorded to such a famous character as Edward Payson Weston, who is known the world over as a walker. He is now in his old age, but is still noted as an athlete, and his picturesque career has been fittingly crowned by his conversion through devotion to a girl, now a saint, who was born after he had attained to manhood—Teresa.

In speaking of his conversion, Mr. Weston says:

"Truly the ways of the Lord are wonderful. I have walked many, many miles in my life and have seen more cities and towns than any other living man. Last winter I walked into a little country shrine at Centre Square, outside of Norristown, Pa. They told me it was the Shrine of the Little Flower. By some impulse, I know not what, I prayed that I would see the truth. The winter in the country was as hard as any I have known, the roads were impassable and covered with ice and snow, but every Sunday I crossed the fields to pray at the shrine of the little saint, and before long I found myself kneeling for benediction. I was becoming a Catholic almost in spite of myself.

"Many men have wondered at my life as a pedestrian, but I have walked not in vain. I see it all now. I regret that the shadows are growing longer. I am beyond the Scriptural age; four score and eight makes a difference and my hair has long been whitened with the snow that never melts. I wish I could borrow from the past. I know my Bible. In 1889 for the Church of England I walked 5,000 miles through Great Britain and preached against the evils of intemperance. I wish I could now start that distance once again. I could find many a Nathaniel under the fig tree searching for light. Like Philip I could tell him how I found the Messiah, and relate to him a great miracle of grace—how the youngest of God's pure saints, my own Little Teresa, took by the hand an old man, and at a little country shrine led him to the blessed feet of Him, who, too, was a wanderer among men and had not a place to lay His head. Truly I have finished my course but I have found faith."

Thank God for the beauty of it all!

# Pointed Paragraphs

## THE FESTIVAL OF ROSES

Portland claims as its distinction its annual festival of Roses.

The Church, too, has its Festival of Roses, so to speak—the month of October.

Israel Zangwill once compared the stream of prayer going up from the Church, to Niagara Falls.

If one could visualize the rosaries said throughout the Catholic world during this month, he would be overwhelmed with the picture. Rosaries in the churches, in city and town and open country; rosaries in the homes on the boulevard and in the hovels in the slums; rosaries on the car, the train, and the open road; rosaries from the lips and the hearts of the aged and from the child; rosaries from the saint and the sinner longing for better things or still too weak to rise.

It is a riot of roses—that shall not wither. It will bring a shower of roses—such as the Little Flower spoke of—down upon the world.

## THE HUMOR OF A SAINT

Father Benson speaks of St. Theresa's "almost divine gift of humor." We associate humor with St. Philip Neri, who almost appears whimsical. But it is also an outstanding characteristic of St. Theresa, whose feast is celebrated on the fifteenth of this month.

Father Benson characterizes her as: "A soul, intensely human—crammed, we might say, with exactly those attributes and gifts that go to make a brilliant social figure—humor, shrewdness, delicacy of insight and instinct, virile common-sense and practical abilities—a soul of strong humanity, no less than a genius for divine things."

She has been called the Saint of common-sense."

By way of example, note how she encourages her nuns to be happy at recreation:

"What would become of our little house if each of us hid all the little wits she possessed? No one has too much! Let each one produce whatever she has in her with all humility, in order to cheer up

the others. Again, do not imitate those unfortunate people, who, the moment they have got some good out of prayer, shut themselves up and hardly dare to talk or breathe for fear it should fly away."

And these counsels applied in any house will keep the sunshine of God's love there.

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### WERE YOU THERE?

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The Rev. A. A. Bouton, pastor of a New York Methodist Church, recently declared in a lecture:

"I have seen thousands of people pouring into the Catholic churches early in the morning, later coming out and thousands more going in to worship, while in our Protestant churches we find scattered members here and there.

"That makes me wonder, why so many there and so few here? Why can't we get that spirit of loyalty?"

It isn't a matter of loyalty to anyone or anything, except to God and conscience. Our Catholic people know God is there in a special way; they know He wants them there each Sunday in fulfilment of His own law: Thou shalt keep holy the Lord's day.

It is a compliment indeed to our Catholic people that they take the fulfilment of this duty so seriously. Even during vacation, the churches we have seen have been crowded and those near popular lakes have had to add Masses to the usual order.

Were you there?

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### PASS IT ON

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In a modern play that has met with considerable success, one of the characters says:

"Oh, I've had such a terribly lucky life. But every now and then I get a streak of thinking it's sinful to be as happy as I am, without doing anything about people who aren't."

For "lucky" substitute "blessed by God"—and make the sentiment your own. It would be a better world indeed if all were inspired with it. And everyone of us, if he looks into it, will find that he is blessed with something that can contribute to the brightness of his surroundings.

### CLIMBING

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In 1883, a young man of 16, got a job in the office of one of the big insurance corporations of Brooklyn. His salary was four dollars a week.

Now he is vice-president, and president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He spends investment funds to the amount of a million dollars a day all year round.

In an interview with a newspaper reporter on his career, he said:

"There have not been in my career any incidents which I can point out as typical of the best way to gain promotion. The one thing that worries me is the extent to which people of this day and generation seem to be searching for some way to get a living without working for it. People formerly did not do that. A normal worker loves work for the work's sake. Whatever it may be, he will be a success at it if he loves it enough."

What people love, it appears, is money; work is sought only as a means to it; and if money can be gotten without work so much the better. And money is sought for the enjoyments and luxuries it can buy.

The purpose of *labor* in God's plan is forgotten.

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### A FORTIORI

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"The extraordinary measures taken by medical science to insure physical health and prevent the spread of disease, might well teach us a lesson in the moral order.

"Public health will not tolerate physical conditions which may prove a menace to the community. Drastic regulations of a preventative character, are enforced daily on the individual, with a consequent interference with personal liberty.

"Why less care with moral conditions, no less dangerous, to say the least, to the well-being of society?

"However, to suggest precautionary measures for safeguarding the morals of youth in reading, recreation and comradeship, brands as reactionary, the parent, the teacher, or the priest who may think such protection wise and necessary."—*Card. Hayes in Declaration of the Jubilee, 1925.*

# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help

### THE FIRST CONFESSION

We love our Catholic schools for this reason, that in them our children are taught their duties to God and their fellowman. These duties are taught them in their catechism classes. At the same time, too, we teach them the wrong they do whenever they offend against any of these duties. And our education of the mind and heart would be imperfect if we did not also tell them that the very God whom they offend by sin also gave them a further proof of His love for them by establishing the means for reconciliation.

Thus they are taught the doctrine of the sacrament of Penance. And as they learn the doctrine we teach them how to put that doctrine into practice. They are soon prepared for their first confession. And even in this step forward they are in need of the protection of the ever helping Blessed Mother. The idea of sin and wrong is readily grasped by most children. And the examples of the punishments for sin visited upon the world, and upon individuals make a deep impression on their young minds. They are filled with a great and wholesome fear of that God, whom they ought to love. Wise, therefore, the teacher who knows how to instill into their minds the lessons of the motherly care Mary has for them, even in spite of their sins. Wise, too, is such a teacher for leading them to look upon Mary as the Mother, ever ready to help and intercede for them no matter how despicable their conduct towards her divine Son. The love for Mary must be instilled into their young hearts at this time of preparation for their first confession, because too many of the children are apt to think their ingratitude so great that the Son of God will not hear. But the love Mary has for them is readily understood and can thus be turned to good, since it will make them go to Mary for help in their little difficulty of seeking reconciliation with her offended Son.

How they will kneel before her shrine and ask her to help them to make a good confession! How they will remain before that same



shrine and almost wait for a nod from her statue or picture as an assurance that they have been forgiven! All childlike, 'tis true, but natural nevertheless.

The child who has, perhaps, sinned very seriously will kneel there and after its few little prayers have been said will approach the confessional with a confidence like to that of the greatest saint. Yes, Mary, who is a perpetual help to its mother and a perpetual inspiration to its teacher will readily find a place in its young heart and its devotions, when it is still too timid to care and address itself to the good God whom it has offended. So she shows herself the Perpetual Help and inspiration of the Christian who is willing to serve God. And the difficulties of that first confession are almost all removed because her maternal care is exercised over the child consecrated to her. She makes the name of Jesus dear to even the sinful child, just as she has done to countless sinners before. She makes the most difficult act of humiliation—telling one's sins to a priest—easy. Such is her office and from this office, to help in all the difficulties of this life, she derives her right to the beautiful title, Mother of Perpetual Help!

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### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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From St. Francis, Wis., we are asked to publish that in response to a Novena and other prayers to her, the Mother of Perpetual Help guided one of her clients to the spot where she had lost a diamond. This diamond was highly valued as a keepsake. Its loss had been keenly felt. Lost and found in the pine woods of northern Wisconsin.

"Thanks to our dear Lady of Perpetual Help, all three favors I had asked (during a novena) were granted: One was for financial aid; one for a conversion to the Faith; one for a position for a sister. Enclosed seven dollars towards a Burse in honor of the Mother of Perpetual Help—a thank-offering."—*Canada*.

"Through reading the Liguorian I see so many requests granted through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Enclosed a little offering for a Mass requesting our Lady's help in granting Mother's health."—*Calif.*

"I want to thank you especially, Dear Mother of Perpetual Help, also the Poor Souls for the favors that are continuously being granted us."

# Catholic Events

The program of events which will mark the close of the Holy Year Jubilee has been announced. The octave from the 8th to the 15th of November has been set aside for the commemoration of the 16th centenary of the Council of Nicaea, the first General Council of the Church. The week will be replete with solemn ceremonies in which the various Oriental Rites in communion with the Holy See will take part. On Nov. 15, a solemn Pontifical Mass according to the Greek Rite will be celebrated in St. Peter's in the presence of the Pope and with ecclesiastics of the Oriental Rites participating. The formal closing of the Holy Door will take place on Christmas Eve, and on Dec. 31, the Pope will pontificate at Mass in St. Peter's at which a *Te Deum* will be chanted and His Holiness will proclaim the new feast of Jesus Christ, King of Society.

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Among the pilgrimages from the United States reaching Rome during August was one from Chicago. After expressing his gratitude to them for making the long journey and giving such evidence of their faith, the Holy Father referred to the preparations being made for the International Eucharistic Congress in Chicago next year. Paying tribute to the work of Cardinal Mundelein in connection with these preparations, the Pope expressed himself as greatly pleased with the work done so far. He expressed the hope that the Congress may be such a success as to be worthy of the faith of the Catholics of the United States and of Chicago in particular.

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Another pilgrimage of note was the delegation of Catholic Boy Scouts from eighteen countries. The scouts, divided into national groups, paraded before the Pope, each boy carrying branches of olive and laurel. After the parade, the Pope addressed the scouts, recalling the interest Our Lord manifested for the young. He remarked that the qualities for which the Boy Scouts are distinguished, namely, strength, courage and calm reflection, should be particularly manifest in Catholic Boy Scouts, because such qualities do not exist merely on the surface in Catholic boys who realize the true meaning of such virtues in the light of divine revelation.

The Boy Scout pilgrimage was only one of the many received by the Pope during the week. In that period he greeted more than 50,000 pilgrims.

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One of the most important gatherings of the month of September was the annual meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, held at the Catholic University at Washington. The matters passed on at the meeting include: The establishment of an American Board

of Catholic Missions to receive and disburse all funds for home missions; the approval of the work so far done towards the erection of a new North American College in Rome; plans for the extensions of the work on behalf of immigrants now carried on through the National Catholic Welfare Conference; discussion and adoption of the report submitted by the episcopal chairman of the various departments of the Welfare Conference.

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In the establishment of an American Board of Catholic Missions the Hierarchy has taken a step which for the first time provides a unified national control of funds contributed by parish and diocesan organizations toward the home missions. These funds will be sent by the various Ordinaries to the Board, which will be established in the offices now occupied by the Catholic Church Extension Society of Chicago. The machinery of the Extension Society will be utilized in the formation of various parochial and diocesan branches subsidiary to the board. Funds contributed in America for Foreign Missions will be sent as has been the custom in the past through the office of the National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to the headquarters of that organization in Rome.

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Another important convention was the Catholic Charities Conference, which closed its sessions at Washington on Sept. 14. The most important developments of the fifteen years that the Conference exists, Bishop Shahan pointed out, were: The appointment of diocesan directors of charities; the social conferences of our Sisterhoods; the development of standards in the care of children; the development of schools of Social Service; the introduction of field courses in a great number of our Catholic colleges for both men and women.

The Conference was marked by the participation of a singularly large number of government officials—among them Attorney-General Sargent, Chairman T. V. O'Connor of the United States Shipping Board; Commissioner Frederick A. Fenning, of the District of Columbia, Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, and the Hon. Mary T. Norton, member of Congress from New Jersey.

Most Rev. Peter Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, also addressed the Conference as representative of the Pope. He said, "It must be said that the great virtue which the Holy Father has come to associate with his children in America is that of charity, and their reputation is gone abroad throughout the whole world and they stand an example to all people. And it is with real joy and pride that I bring back to the faithful in America the blessing of the common Father whose burdened heart finds true solace in their love and devotion."

\* \* \*

Charles Phillips, special correspondent for the N. C. W. C. News Service in Mexico, draws a very disheartening picture of conditions there. He says: "Most Americans have no idea of what it means to live in a free land. To develop a little of that appreciation which

would make them glad and thankful that they are Americans, they ought to take a trip to Mexico." He likens conditions there to those that obtained in Soviet Russia during the Bolshevik wars. "For the Catholics of Mexico," he continues, "and especially for Catholic priests, bishops, religious teachers, or any others who live an active Catholic life, there is no such thing as liberty today. In Mexico a priest cannot vote. In Mexico a priest cannot own, acquire by gift or by purchase or by inheritance, any real property. In Mexico no man can join a religious order without breaking the law. All vows, priestly and monastic, are forbidden. So the story of Mexican 'liberty' runs." He then describes the spoliation practised by the government in Catholic hospitals and institutions. "I could not tell you how many Catholic schools and colleges," he goes on, "I have visited in Mexico; I have lost count. But I can tell you that in this land of 'constitutional freedom' not one of these schools was operating freely and at ease, not one without the ban of the government on it and in imminent danger of being, at any moment, raided and closed. Most of them, in fact, have been raided, not once but several times. The life of the Catholic school in Mexico is about the most uncertain and precarious thing that I can imagine."

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To show the spirit of the Mexican Catholics, Charles Phillips tells this incident. "A school boy of fourteen was accosted on the street here (in Morelia) by a man of fifty or so. The man button-holed the boy and asked him roughly what insignia it was that he was wearing in his coat lapel.

It is the emblem of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Mexico, the boy answered.

Take it off, the man ordered. Don't you know that the wearing of a religious insignia is forbidden by law?

The boy refused to take off the button. The man thereupon marched the lad off with him to a corner drug store and called a policeman. Man and military policeman together, then, went at the boy hammer and tongs, threatening to arrest and jail if he did not obey. He was still obstinate. Finally they tried force and began to manhandle him; but he was too quick for them.

I'll never give it up, he cried. And before they could tear his Catholic emblem from him, with a swift movement he plucked it from his coat, put it in his mouth and swallowed it. The infuriated policeman and the officious gentleman had to let him go.

"The action of the Morelia schoolboy," says the correspondent, "is characteristic of the spirit of the Catholic youth of Mexico today. The Catholic Church in Mexico is at present undergoing a high-pressure persecution. But the Catholic spirit is alive in Mexico today and in no way is its living and growing strength more evident than among the boys and young men of the country."

\* \* \*

Senator Raoul Dandurand, one of the leading Catholic laymen of Canada, has been chosen as president of the assembly of the League of Nations.

## == THE == Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian," Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*Is it a sin if a girl feels that she has a Religious Vocation but rejects it?*—  
D. E.

In the first place, it must be noted that accountability for rejecting a vocation certainly depends on the degree of certainty we have. A "feeling" that one is called, may beget certainty if other evidences are added.

Supposing, then, that a person is fairly certain of a Religious Vocation, we reply to the question in the words of St. Alphonsus: "In itself it is no sin, because counsels do not oblige under pain of sin." Evidently, then, St. Alphonsus does not consider a vocation a command, but a counsel, an invitation.

But, nevertheless, he continues: "One choosing a state of life not according to the divine plan cannot be excused from some fault." No doubt his meaning is that the motives that would impel someone to choose against his certainty, would be more or less faulty—or that to do so, would be an imprudence, since it would expose him to danger or difficulty in the matter of salvation.

Father Scott, S.J., in "Convent Life" (p. 142), answers the question in practically the same way:

"A vocation," he says, "in itself, is not an obligation; its rejection is no sin, but only an invitation declined. Of course, in certain cases, a rejection of vocation may lead to sinfulness but not on account of the rejected vocation." And he goes on to explain his meaning:

"A man in commercial life, by losing a good opportunity, may incur great damages, but the lost opportunity would not be the cause, but only the occasion of his losses. So a vocation that is rejected may be the occasion of one's meeting with spiritual detriment. But in itself it is no sin."

Psychologically, it might be the source of unhappiness. A person who is fairly certain of having a vocation and rejects it, may later experience frequent regrets.

*What prayers are included in the office?*—D. E.

The "office" generally recited by the Sisterhoods, is the so-called "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary." It contains the following prayers: 1. The Our Father, Hail Mary and Apostles' Creed; (2) Psalms, taken from Sacred Scripture; (3) Lessons or readings from the Book of Ecclesiasticus (Sacred Scripture); (4) Hymns, such as the Ave Maris Stella (Hail Star of the Sea); (5) Orations or Prayers of the Church; (6) Antiphons, such as the Salve Regina (Hail Holy Queen).

The "office" of the priest is similar in composition—except that it varies with each day, and its "lessons" take in almost all the books of Sacred Scripture.

*Does I. H. S. mean "I have suffered"? A non-Catholic asked me and I would like to give the correct answer.*

(1) The letters are a symbol. As such we can give it any meaning we choose. The meaning "I have suffered" surely is true of Our Lord and is very widely given.

(2) But if you ask for the historical origin and interpretation, it would not be correct. The symbol came into wide use in the fifteenth century, when St. Bernardine of Sienna began his preaching of devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus. In a vision he was advised to use a banner with this device. It was used earlier, and first appeared in Greek lettering as I. H. C. It seems simply to represent the first three letters of the name of Jesus. (H is equivalent to E.)

(3) Those who read the symbol in Latin, often interpret it as meaning: Jesus Hominum Salvator—Jesus Savior of mankind. This has some foundation in Greek also, since the three Greek letters may have stood for "Jesus our Savior."

But it is clear that the original could not have been: I have suffered, because the characters originally were not English but Greek.

# Some Good Books

*Novena Manual of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.* By Rev. Jos. A. Chapoton, C.Ss.R. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.60.

Devotion to the Blessed Mother of God under the consoling title of Our Lady of Perpetual Help has been and is still gaining ground rapidly. Witness the many public novenas celebrated in her honor, and the ever increasing reports of favors received through her intercession. Hence the timeliness of this Novena Manual with its historical account of the Miraculous Image, its explanation of important points concerning the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual and St. Alphonsus, and its very complete selection of prayers and devotions, not only in honor of Our Lady, but for all other occasions. We heartily recommend it to all devout clients of Our Lady.

*Rebuilding a Lost Faith.* By ("An American Agnostic") John L. Stoddard. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price, 60 cents post-paid.

This remarkable book by the well-known lecturer made a wide and immediate appeal when it appeared some years ago. It is now published in paper cover at a popular price, and thus should find an even greater host of readers.

*Manual of Select Catholic Hymns and Devotions.* Compiled and arranged by P. M. Colonel, C.Ss.R. Revised and edited by Francis Auth, C.Ss.R. Published by J. Fischer & Bro., 119 W. 40th Street, New York City. Price, 75 cents.

Father Colonel's excellent Hymnal has always been a most popular one, but unfortunately has long been out of print. Thanks are therefore due to the Reverend Editor and the publishing firm for bringing out this third, revised edition. All the good points of the previous editions have been carefully preserved and some valuable new features added. All in all the devotions that make up the First Part have been so arranged that they will likewise serve for congregational worship, thus mould-

ing the entire book into a unit that justifies its complete title: *Manual of Select Catholic Hymns and Devotions* for the use of Schools, Colleges, Academies, and Congregations.

The organ accompaniment for this Manual is in preparation.

*A Rose Wreath for the Crowning of St. Therese of the Child Jesus.* By Rev. John P. Clarke. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.00 net.

Tributes to the Little Flower as well as studies of Her Little Way are keeping pace with the growing devotion to her. And how could it be otherwise? Has not Holy Church placed her seal of approval on the well-nigh universal acclamation of "Saint!" with which the Catholic world greeted her Autobiography?

Father Blunt, in his preface, finds that the author has caught the spirit of the Little Flower just as he did in his previous volume: *Her Little Way*. "His books are not mere biographies. They are little bouquets of little flowers. Take them up and immediately you smell the roses and violets, just as pilgrims tell us they catch the odor of flowers the minute they enter the chapel at Lisieux."

*Matters Liturgical.* The Collectio Rerum Liturgicarum of Rev. Joseph Wuest, C.Ss.R. Translated and revised by Rev. Thomas W. Mullaney, C.Ss.R. Published by Frederick Pust Co., New York and Cincinnati. Price, \$3.00.

Here is a book that is sure to prove a boon to priests and seminarians. The original Latin has gone through four editions, and this is an English version, brought into accordance with the most recent decrees. It furnishes a ready answer to the many questions that arise in the ministry, a very complete index making consultation easy and agreeable. The make-up of the book likewise will meet approval, bound as it is in leather and having the size and appearance of an 18mo breviary. We feel we can unhesitatingly recommend *Matters Liturgical*.



# Lucid Intervals

Nell: What would you give to have such hair as mine?

Belle: I don't know—what did you give?

"And what does your father do?" asked the kind gentleman of the little boy.

"Oh, he's a numismatician," the lad replied.

"Why, a numismatician is a coin collector."

"Yes, that's what my father is," said the boy. "He's a conductor on a trolley."

Bessie had a new dime to invest in an ice cream soda. "Why don't you give your dime to the mission?" said the minister who was calling.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "but I think I'll buy the ice cream soda and let the druggist give it to the mission."

"The missus wasn't feeling very well this morning," remarked the bookkeeper to the cashier in the office down town. "Guess I'll call her up after a while."

"How's the wife?" asked the cashier later.

"Oh, she's all right now. I called up and the line was busy."

A woman who had given a dinner party met her doctor in the street the following day, and stopped to speak to him. "I am sorry, doctor," she said, "that you were unable to come to my dinner party last night. It would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good," he replied tersely. "I have just prescribed for three of the guests."

She (during the spat)—It was a great come-down for me when I married you.

He—Yes; everybody said you were on the shelf.

Maid (to absent-minded professor)—Here's the doctor, sir.

Professor—I'm not receiving visitors today. Tell him I'm sick.

Mr. Plane (who is fond of dogs)—Miss Waite, don't you think you ought to have an intelligent animal about the house that would protect you and—

Miss Waite—Oh, Mr. Plane! This is so sudden!

The Sunday school girls of a certain church put flowers in front of the pulpit each Sunday. One was asked by an elderly person what they did with the flowers after the service.

"Oh, we take them to people who are sick after the sermon," was the innocent reply.

The American heiress had just come back from her first trip to Europe. At dinner her neighbor inquired: "Did you see many picturesque old ruins during your trip?"

"Yes," she replied. "And six of them proposed to me."

The young mother was bathing her baby, when a neighbor's girl came into the room carrying a doll, and stood watching the operation for some time. Dolly was the worse for wear, being minus an arm and a leg. "How long have you had your baby?" she said to the mother.

"Three months," said the proud young mother.

"My, but you have kept her nice," replied the child with an envious sigh.

Father (at 1 a. m.)—Is that young man asleep, Marie?

Daughter—"Hush, father! He has just asked me to marry him, and make him the happiest man in the world."

Father—Just as I thought. Wake him up.

City visitor—Your garden seems quite a distance from your water supply. How do you manage if it's a dry season?

Suburbs—Oh, I always provide for that by planting a lot of leaks.



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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